Nature's Great Works

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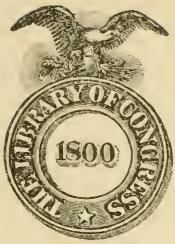
BY

EMMA V. SLOATS



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EMMA V. SLOATS

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NATURE'S GREAT WORKS

The seas and the wilds of the ocean,
Are reapers to reap and to sow;
From the bowlders they ate the deepest,
Where they toss ships to and fro.
O! the greatness of these blue waters
Bespeaks their own tongue and soul;
As the echoes and winds about them
Out into Eternity they roll.

The night with its darkness and beauty,
As the stars in heavens are clear,
Are the beauties of their impressions,
Thereon their own visions appear.
Those wondrous and beautiful ripples
Are enhanced as the sun-kissed dew
Where the makers of Heaven are given,
As the greatest man ever knew.

Strong may the waves of the ocean
Blend with their echoing streams
And master the tide of their billows,
As on towards their way to ravines.
The tide with its breakers and charmers
Rebuilt by own Nature's great works,
Deep into the mysteries of wonder,
These waves are creeping with mirth.

ECHOES OF THE FORESTS

The thrush with its echo through forest gleans,
As o'er the meadows they are fleeing;
Away from every worldly care,
With the realms of nature singing.
When doth its mate upon the hill
Go lay its own to rest,
Abide the day along their way,
Come cooing into mother's nest.

Come, twine thy love midst the wondrous skies,
Where songs retain their melodies;
The tryst of love is paradise
Who seek amidst unto those skies.
The birds of prey as upward fleeing
Into their nest where love reigns,
I bid thy welcome voicing breeze
Where'er thy song may be.

Oh, could I but retain thy heavenly praise
Where forest hills are gleaming,
And watch the dew within the morn
My love would then be in thy keeping.
I bid this day to come once more,
As in these forest glens,
My love would then rest with thee,
My soul would know thee then.

THE BUGLE CALL

Waiting for the sound of peace
The bugle call will bring;
To bring glad tidings of a day
When Liberty it shall ring.
On every housetop you'll see
The Stars and Stripes unfurl
To make the event of that call
The bugle it did bring.

We stand as Nation, man to man
For truce and freedom's call;
The comrades who withstood the test,
Who gave their life for all;
The marker is a place to view
Where laurels may be placed;
To hear the call to arms again
These noble men will face.

Tho' waiting for the bugle call
The day, we know, 'twill bring
A wounded cripple here and there—
But Ah! the news will ring.
We're marching from the battlefield
Our soldiers so brave and strong,
Have done their duty for the cause,
This news the bugle brings.

SPRING

No flowers are sweeter than the rose,
Tho' Mayflower, spring and June
Buds fragrance with their blossom time
The lilac then sweetly perfume.
The scent of every tree in spring
Brings forth their language best,
To show that bloom of youth for all
Their sleep was all but rest.

The spirit while in the atmosphere,
Tho' hid away for just a while,
Has blossomed out again most fair
Just like a little child.
While nature molds and then unfolds
And wakes itself from sleep,
Its molted clay will again say,
"I've had my rest, I'm here to stay."

LET THY VOICE LEAD ON

Lead me, O thou blessed Savior,
When thy call hath come for me,
Let thy angels guide me onward,
Take me to thy home with thee.
Lord, thy blessing it doth cheer me,
As the hour is drawing near,
Let thy voice in heavenly music
Comfort me, my Savior dear.

In thy home in Heaven's glory,
Like thy star in Bethelehem shone,
Where thy precious love forever
As my Crown then shall be known.
Blessed Savior, guide me home,
Guide my feet upon Thy Throne,
Guarding angels in love's mercy,
Let thy burning light lead on.

THY KINGDOM COME

O God of love, when shall thy will be done?
Thy endless ways give peace as from above,
Whence will thy Kingdom come for God and man?
Send here thy voice that we thy love may understand.

Converse with us by day and through the night,
While vigil keep their watch thus starry bright.
God shower thy love on each and every one
That life shall forever be Thy Kingdom come.

LOVE

Love is the word that is endeared
And fills the heart aglow,
Which makes the world go round about
The road where'er you go.
It beams before you everywhere
Into the soul it creeps,
It voices love, in its sentiments,
In glowing words it speaks.
Tho' far away it speeds onwards
Unto all kith and kin,
And proves its worth in every way
No matter what you bring.

Love sends its message near and far
And makes the eyes grow dim,
It holds the key to every thought
And lulls the soul within.
It proves for each and everyone,
The link so tightly drawn,
That life without love would be naught
The world here all about.

HOPE

Hope has ne'er blasted while with faith
Life holds above a pall;
For where Faith holds its mighty force
The rudder will not fall.
The door when locked shall yet unbar
For naught can hold their sway,
Where faith unfolds there love will hold
The Master Key to stay.

DREAMING

When life is as a dream,
The soul responds to thee;
While in the glimmer of the day,
Though blended so serene.
Life's journey, O summer-land,
Has hope to cheer and blend.
The future hath a better way,
Than man could ever trend.

LANGUAGE OF THE SOUL

The soul doth speak in many ways
On land and o'er the sea;
The distance has no space at all,
Thus guided we shall be.
Assured of this the tide shall rise
Where naught of pain shall be.
The soul shall speak and tell the tale,
All mankind thus shall seek.

TWILIGHT

1

When the shadows are falling
'Long the beaten path of life,
Flowers they are ever fading
With the twilight in the night.
Weeping willow with its splendor
Sweeps its bough along the way;
Through the forest winds are voicing
With the shadow of the day.

2

When doth blend the Autumn twilight
In the distance with the gloom,
Rarest wild flowers are fading
Silently within their tomb.
Birds are winding their way onward
Toward the fairer of the sky,
In the Kingdom of these mansions,
Fairer clouds there shall rise.

3

Doth the waking of the moment
Speed the wanderer's mind aloft
Toward the high anticipation,
Where it serves, the Master sought.
Wander, thou, along the pathway,
Life's long journey there shall end,
As the rose with its fragrance,
Bids the day of twilight spent.

VICTORY IS CALLING

Old Yankee Doodle plays his fife
Wherever he is going;
They hold the banner because it's right,
And wave Old Glory blowing.
The tryst of time will hold its own
Forever as a Union,
To build a mighty Nation on
As our boys are doing.

Old boys blue and brown to-day
Are gliding along the narrow,
Not as the Indians used to do
With bow and arrow,
But face to face and man to man
As cannons are roaring,
They hale the cherished flag on high
From war into glory.

They'll run the race great and strong,
Hold the fort a-blowing,
Lead the weak, right the wrong,
In all direction going.
Old Yankee Doodle, they mean well
For all is to remember,
'Cause there will be a lull in time,
And everywhere a glimmer

Will stay the strife of storm and arms;
All shall be a dimmer,

Because the truce is close at hand
For every one a-glimmer,
This may seem strange to folks at large
Yet it is this showing,
That spirits come here all about
Just to be a-blowing.

Old Yankee Doodle's on the way
In France it is a brewing,
To let our soldiers fight as one
So they'll be up a-doing.
The Stars and Stripes will float about
Old countries will be owing,
Because their Nation's near run out
This will soon be showing.

Our boys have done their duty grand
Without fear or murmur,
On land or sea and with the air
Mastering more and sterner.
Our Liberty is great and strong—
Victory is calling,
The Golden Eagle right all wrong
To the Nations falling.

The Spirit of Old Seventy-six
Coming back to conquer,
Knows their business that is this,
The coming of Old Bunker.
So let the Stars and Stripes float on

The coming of the winner,
Is here to rise and not to fall
Forever and forever.

Let Glory light ignite so bright
And truce win love's sweet freedom,
For love shall wing again to ring,
Old Liberty shall free them.

THE BATTLE FIELD

Out yonder on the battle-field,
I seem to stretch into the night;
Faintly do I hear the cannon's roar
As I lay down without a light.
I see out over yonder hill
Illumination everywhere about;
I sense the muteness of a pall;
And then a voice so stilled—
The very echo of the sound,
Where the cannon's constant roar.
A flash of fire on the air;
Our brave men lying all around.
These few lines are an imprint,
Where out yonder all is stilled.

BIRTH OF LOVE

O Life, in the silence of thy soul,
Thou who know'st nature's call,
As echoing voices along the ways of time
Send forth melodious melody and peace.
Thy shadow creeping 'long thine own way,
Inspires our soul with illumined grace,
Housed in thy Temple, enshrined in love,
Enliven'd with peaceful dreamy birth.

O Thou, who art our understanding
I breathe thy life for man on high!
Crucifixion blends thy Birth of love;
In dwell of those images divine.
Hounding memories, visions thus immersed,
Bring ceaseless memory to mind,
Where walk all wanderers of earthly lane,
Enshrine of ghouls, with vaporous fame.

Again, loved Master; Thy voice is nigh,
Beckoning towards those glistening shrines.
Where mingling with chasm running stream,
Entwined with laughing voices murmurings.
Thou long loved Host: Thou merciful one,
In anguish perished for love of all,
To bring to man the voice of knowing God,
Erected to His glory and His love.

No kindled fire was shone of thee,
Thy love's everlasting through all eternity.
Breathes there a fairer flower, o'er God's domain,
Exampling all of sense which bore to fame?
No man hath ever willfully fought
To govern the Kingdom for his own,
God's land in flowers to all was given,
The change called Death is but Transition.

MY PERFECT ROSE

Give to me the flower of beauty,
With a heart of love and cheer,
Let me hold you, rose, forever.
Sweetheart, let me love you, dear.

Come to me, my rose in beauty,
Youth sweet dream amidst the flowers.
Sweet in reverence I retain thee
As the white rose of the hours.

I recall the rose you gave me,
As the fairer flower I chose,
When I think of you, my blossom,
You are just my perfect rose.

Sweetheart, dear, my soul is longing,
For a lover's sweet caress.
Come to me for I am pining
For the flower I love best.

THE NIGHTINGALE

The day shall come when the nightingales
Sing their sweet songs for thee;
Mid woodland echoes, midst the stars,
As sweetly falls their message clear.

In the starry night mid woodland echoes
Thy voiceless sound shall ring,
A-midst all nature's glory sky,
Where love's sweet token thou shalt sing.

Thy world to thee, sweet nightingale,
As song upon the breeze doth tell,
Oh! love within thy nest of praise,
The glistening light of former days.

I listen to thy song wherein repose
The cherished hope of former days,
My soul, dear love, within the deep,
Has wooed and won in sleep, sweet sleep.

MOTHER'S LOVE

Mother love is the treasure, O Heaven,
As she stoops to replace a sweet kiss
On the brow of the loved one given
To one who will always be missed.
With a smile mid tears and caresses,
To a brighter and sweeter repose,
Are the treasures that are given,
As the days on their journey go.

The bright light as though a candle,
As it flickers and shoots into flame;
When burning down to the socket,
One never to be lit ne'er again.
The love of the dear little children
Are missed all about in their play,
As the dear little ones are a-gliding,
So silently on cross the way.

The love of the dear little children
Fills in the great empty space;
The life that here is given,
Matters not as to Creed or Race.
Our treasures are built in the Heavens
To refill and replace every day.
There's a place of love and greeting,
To a fairer home 'cross the way.

LOVE'S AWAKENING

When the way of life is open,
As the mist has cleared away,
Where awakening is a comfort,
With a glimmer of the day.
Where life's mystery is endless,
When the way seems sad and drear,
Will the voice that has the music,
Give its vent to love and cheer?

O'er the strange and lonely wayside,
Cross the desert beyond the vale,
Creep the silent angel loved ones,
With their message there to hale.
Will these treasures in the Heavens,
Reap their way without a flaw,
When they reach the goal submissive,
Through the efforts of that law?

When again the sweetest echo
Gives its vent to time and space,
Will in time bring forth a vision,
That had crossed to see their race.
Will the loved ones join our comrades,
As they cross the wading stream,
Where the voice sends forth its echo,
To the land beyond the hill?

In the moments as life flickers,
Where the soul seems to sail,
Through the wending of the morrow,
When the call has come again.
Then again the voice shall cheer us,
With its radiant light of love,
Where again we meet our loved ones,
Surging through the Heavens above.

SKYLARK

When the sunlight's beaming o'er me,
Then my soul is filled with glee,
As the Skylarks murmuring gayly,
Or the hills and valley thrills;
Where in woodland sweetest music
Floating on the breeze to me,
I am filled with rapture glory;
Then my soul belongs to thee.

Would that I were like the skylark,
Then enchanted my soul would be,
There within the Heavens guiding,
On my wings I'd fly to thee.
Through the day in sunkissed meadows,
Where love's token, where in dreams,
As the skylark homeward flying,
There I give my soul to thee.

Gayly singing love's sweet message,
Where thy mate it lies asleep,
In the home where blessed angels
Lull my soul within the deep.
Sing thy song as gayly fleeing
Lead me on into thy nest,
Homeward flying I shall greet thee;
There, my love, my soul shall rest.

HOME OF THE STARS

What makes the stars play hide and seek
Behind its darkest cloud?
They seem to roam through all of space,
And surely are about.
We feast our eyes above to see
Their own celestial ways,
Where all the clouds there all about
Give vent to us and say:

Come, peep with me, Thou beauteous star,
Through nature's roamy way,
To roam about these wayward clouds
And drive dull care away,
We seek the silence with the night,
To blend with God and man,
The unity of stars and clouds,
Is their sweet slumber land.

Why doth the Heavens of the stars
Rekindle every night?
From day to day their slumber sweet
Is up amidst the light.
We call them treasures, sparkling gem
For loving eyes the greet,
Their mystery lies beyond the pale
So heavenly and sweet.

THE SONG BIRDS

Let us open wide the windows,
As the birds so sweetly sing.
Let us listen to these song birds
In the beauty of the spring.
Let us drink within their beauty,
As the chirping of their song.
Let it fill our hearts with music
With the strains as they float on.

Let us love these little chirpers
As above they're flying fast,
Let them build their nests in steeples
From the winter's chilly blasts.
Let these little songsters flutter
In the highest of the breeze,
Let the birdies do their cooing,
In the meadows as they please.

Let each little bird a-flying,
And the dew within the morn,
Let them have the Heaven's glory
From the weather and the storm.
Let us shelter every song bird,
Though they be in nest or tree;
They belong to nature's beauty,
Free to care and free to flee.

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